Dr. Wild's Poem.

IN NOVA FERT ANIMUS, &c.

OR, A

NEW SONG

TO AN

OLD FRIEND from an OLD POET;

Upon the Hopeful

New Parliament.

6 March 1674

WE are All tainted with the *Athenian*-Itch,
News, and new Things do the whole World (bewitch:
Who would be Old, or in Old fashions Trade?
Even an Old Whore would fain go for a Maid:
The Modest of both Sexes, buy new Graces,
Of Perriwigs for Pates, and Paint for Faces.
Some wear new Teeth in an old Mouth; and some
Carve a new Nose out of an aged Bum.
Old *Hesiod*'s gods Immortal Youth enjoy:
Cupid, though Blind, yet still goes for a Boy;
Under one Hood Hypocrite *Janus* too,
Carries two faces, one Old, th' other New.
Apollo wears no Beard, but still looks young;
Diana, *Pallas*, *Venus*, all the throng
Of Muses, Graces, Nymphs, look Brisk and Gay,
Priding themselves in a perpetual *May:*
Whiles doting *Saturn*, *Pluto*, *Proserpin*,
At their own ugly Wrinkles Rage and Grin;

The very Furies in their looks do twine;
Snakes, whose embroydered skyns renew their shine;
And nothing makes Great *Juno* chafe and scold,
But *Joves* new Misses slighting her as Old.
Poets, who others can Immortal make,
When they grow Gray, their Lawrels them forsake;
And seek young Temples, where they may grow Green;
No Palsie-hands may wash in *Hypocrene*;
'Twas not Terse Clarret, Eggs, and Muskadine,
Nor Gobbets Crown'd with *Greek* or *Spanish* Wine,
Could make new Flames in Old *Ben Johnsons* Veins,
But his Attempts prov'd lank and languid strains:
His *New Inn* (so he nam'd his youngest Play,
Prov'd a blind Ale-house, cry'd down the first Day:
His own dull Epitaph—*Here lies Ben Johnson*,
(Half drunken too) He Hickcupt—*who was once one.*
Ah! this sad *once one*! *once* we *Trojans* were;
Oh, better never, if not still we are.
Rhymes of Old Men, *Iliack* passions be,
When that should downward go, comes up we see,
And are like *Jews*-Ears in an Elder-Tree;
When Spectacles do once bestride the Nose,
The Poet's Gallop turns to stumbling-Prose.
Sir, I am Old, Cold, Mould; and you might hope
To see an *Alderman* dance on a Rope,
A *Judg* to act a Gallant in a Play,
Or an Old *Pluralist* Preach twice a day;
Of a Thin *Taylor* make a Valiant Knight,
Or a *good Subject* of a *Jesuite*;
As an old Bald-pate (such as mine you know)
Should make his Hair, or Wit and Fancy grow;
Nor is there need that such a Block as I
Should now be hew'd into a *Mercury*.
When Winter's gone, the Owl his foot may spare,
And to the *Nightingales* resign the Air.

Such

Such is the beautiful new face of things:
By Heavens kind Influences, and the Kings,
Joy should inspire; and all in measures move,
And every Citizen a *Virgil* prove.
Each *Protestant* turn Poet; and who not
Should be suspected guilty of the *Plot*;
If, now the day doth dawn, our Cocks forbear
To clap their Wings and Crow, you well may swear;
It is their want of Loyalty, not Wit,
That makes them sullen, and so silent sit.
Galli of *Gallick* kind --I'le say no more,
But that their Combs are Cut, and they are sore;
Yet to provoke them, my old Cock shall Crow,
That so his Eccho round the Town may go.

Upon the New PARLIAMENT.

MY Landlord underprop't his House some years,
Was often warn'd---'Twould fall about his Ears;
For the main Timber, That above, and under,
By every Blast was apt to rend asunder.
This year He gently took all down, and then
What of the Old prov'd sound, did serve agen.
May all the New be Heart of *English* Oak,
And the whole House stand firm from fatal stroke,
And nothing in't, the Founder e're provoke.
My *Grandam*, when her Bees were old and done,
Burnt the old Stock, and a new Hive begun;
And in one year she found a greater store
Of *Wax* and *Honey* than in all before.
Variety and Novelty delights;
Old Shooes and Mouldy Bread are *Gibeonites*.
When Cloaths grow thread-bare, and breeds Vermin too,
To *Long Lane* with them, and put on some new:
When VVine turns Vinegar---All Art is vain,
The VVorld can never make it VVine again.

'Tis

'Tis time to wean that Child, who bites the Breast;
And Chase those fowls, that do befowl their Nest.
When *Noll's* Nose found the Rump began to smell;
He dock't it, and the Nation lik't it well.
Cast the old-mark't and greazy Cards away,
And give's a new Pack, else we will not play;
Nothing but Pork, and Pork, and Pork to eat!
Good Landlord give's fresh COMMONS for our Meat.
Trent Council Thirty years lay sows'd in pickle,
Until it prov'd a stinking Conventicle.
And now Old *Rome* plays over her old Tricks,
This *Seventy-nine*, shall pay for *Sixty-six*:
Out of the Fire, like new-refined Gold,
How bright new *London* looks above the Old!
All Creatures under Old Corruptions groan,
And for a New Creation make their moan:
The *Phœnix* (of herself grown weary) dyes
Unto succession a burnt-sacrifice:
Old Eagles breed bad Hawks, and they worse Kites,
And they blind Buzzards (as Old *Pliny* WRites),
Deans, Prebends, Chaplains think themselves have wrong,
When *Bishops* live unheroifully long;
And poor *Dissenters* beg they may ascend
Into a Pulpit from the Tables end.
And who hath not by good experience found
Best Crops are gained by new-broken ground,
And the first seed--OATS sifted clean and sound?
But yet Old Friends, Old Gold, Old King, I prise:
Old *Tyburn* take them who do otherwise:
Heaven Chase the Vultur from our Eagles Nest,
And let no Ravens this *March*-Brood molest;

So Sings poor Robin Redbreast.

FINIS.